Northern Messenger

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When Nellie Came Home.

'(Silver Link.')

Mrs. Baker was tired. It had been ironing-day, and when one is tired worries come easy. This may have been one reason why she laid down the letter she had been reading, with a little sigh, as she said to her husband, 'Nellie writes that she will be home next week.'

'Why, mother!'—with a look of surprise—'one would think you were sorry instead of glad.'

'You know better than that. Nellie is all we have. She has been the centre of every hope and plan, and I had almost said of every thought, for the last seventeen years. But these six weeks now she has been having things so different. You know what she has written of the lectures and concerts she is going to, and all the city sights she is enjoying, and the handsome things she has around her. I can't help feeling afraid that she will hardly be satisfied with our plain homelife on the farm when she comes back to it. It was kind as could be in Cousin Abbie to invite her for this visit, but if I had known just how they lived I don't know as I should have been willing for her to go.'

'But what has made you think of this?'

'Well, for one thing, Susie Hurd. You remember she went to London for a visit two years ago, and she came back with her head so filled that she is just as discontented at home, and with home, as she can be. It makes Mrs. Hurd feel dreadfully—she told me it did.'

'Let us hope for the best, though,' said Mr. Baker, as cheerfully as possible. 'It is all we can do.'

'What are you cleaning for?' he asked a few days later, coming in where his wife was busy putting up fresh curtains. 'I thought everything was all right before.'

'Oh, I wanted things to look as well as they could to Nellie. It's going to be a great change for her at the best.'

A YOUNG GIRL CAME HURRYING INTO TH ROOM.

'I saw Mr. Hurd to-day,' said Mr. Baker, his face growing sober. 'He said he hoped Nellie wouldn't come back as Susie did. He said there had been no peace nor comfort with her since, and that she is crazy to go to the city to do something, though her mother needs her so much at home.'

'I believe it would break my heart if Nellie should feel so!' and Mrs. Baker wiped her eyes at the thought.

'Yes, it would be pretty hard for us that's a fact,' her husband assented, with a quiver in his voice.

At last the expected day came, and Mr. Baker drove away to the station, while his wife went about her welcoming preparations with a heart that by turns was glad and anxious, joyful and afraid.

Then there came the waited-for sound of wheels, and the next moment a young girl with shining eyes and smiling lips came flying into the room. At the first glance Mrs. Baker noted the different arrangement of the hair, the new hat, the pretty suit, the indefinable 'something' that told of contact with the outside world. This was not the country-dressed Nellie who had gone away; and while she had planned for the new things, none the less the mother-heart sank as the quick thought came: Would she indeed be changed by them?

The next moment Nellie was holding her close, and her voice was asking, 'Tell me, mother, are you half as glad to see me as I am you?'

As she glanced rapidly round the room her bright eyes noticed every detail. 'Why, mother, if you haven't made new pillows for the lounge! Dear me! how homey it all is! My tea-rose in blossom, too! I shan't be able to rest till I have been all over the house, and the whole place, for that matter. And oh, how good that supper smells! Chicken and ham—you know what I like. Let me get my things off. I haven't had anything so good since I've been gone.'

'Then, Nellie, you really are glad to be at home?' There was a tremor in Mrs. Baker's voice, and her eyes filled to overflowing as she put tht question.

'Glad to be home! Of course I am. But what are you crying for?'

'Oh, I couldn't help but be afraid, Nellie. You have been seeing things so different, and you know Susie Hurd has never been satisfied since she came back from the city.'

Nellie laughed. 'Oh, you foolish, loving little mother!'—with another squeeze—'I hope your girl has more sense than that. I'm sorry for poor Susie Hurd or any other girl who, because she has seen things, finer, is discontented with her own home, and those in it who love her the best on earth. I've had a lovely time and enjoyed every hour of it; but the happiest minute of all was when I came in sight of home again.

'But here comes father, so dry your eyes. I've had such a long rest now you must let me do all the more.'—A. E. Thompson.

The only religious instruction that a great many children have is in the Sunday-school. They come from homes where Christ is not known. This makes the work of the teacher very responsible.

The Angry Father.

Kate was a beautiful girl of eighteen, the belle of the town in which she lived, and the daughter of wealthy but infidel parents. The educated, strong-minded father's ancestors were infidels as far back as their genealogy could be traced. The mother's ancestors were Christians, and she might also have been had not the opposition and ridicule of her husband prevented her. Kate was awakened by the Spirit, sought earnestly, and found peace and pardon in believing in Jesus. Her father was very angry that the pride of his heart, the light of his home and the leader in society should throw herself away by giving her life, her all to the 'lowly Nazarene.'

One evening as she was preparing for church he forbade her, saying 'Kate, if you go out of that door to attend those meetings again you are no longer a child of mine.' Kate ran to her room, called upon God for help, then quietly put on her wraps and went to the place of prayer. The Lord met her, imparted the needed strength, and so restrained her father that the door was not fastened against her. Singing—

'My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;'

and emboldened by the victory gained, she asked the privilege of erecting the family altar. Obtaining her mother's consent if her father was willing, under the baptism of the Holy Ghost she plead with that infidel father until his objections were silenced, and the young disciple erected the family altar in that ungodly home. The mother brothers and sister were converted, the revival flame spread through the town, scores were added to the church, and the father, like King Agrippa, could say, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Our Father does honor the Redeemer's covenant, and gives the hundred fold to his faithful servants.—'Methodist Advocate.'

Gospels and Messengers.

Mr. J. B. Mitchell, who is working among the poor people who live in the mountains of North Carolina, is very anxious to receive Bibles, Testaments, Gospels and good literature for distribution. Address, J. B. Mitchell, North Culberson, N.C., U.S.A.

Wanted Fifty Thousand Bibles.

Mr. J. B. Mitchell, for twenty years a missionary of the American Tract Society, has for the last two years been working amongst the poor people in the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina. These people, though industrious and hard working are very poor and destitute of the ordinary comforts of life. Mr. Mitchell, is very anxious to get Bibles, Testaments, old school books and good literature of every kind into these homes. Those of our readers who live in the United States will be specially interested in this appeal, but any one in Canada can send a Testament or Bible at very little expense, to Mr. Mitchell, or send some contribution toward the work, to be spent on Bibles, etc. Mr. Mitchell says:

In some settlements back in the mountains they really have no reading matter of any kind. In one community, five miles away from the main road, and only a foot path to get there, only one New Testament and a few other books were found among thirty-eight families. They had not heard a gospel sermon for six years and some families were so poor all they had to sleep on was a little straw in one corner of their house, and had a few old quilts to cover them.

Many of the Sabbath Schools have no reading matter of any kind. I found two schools, the average attendance being forty and fifty scholars respectively, that only had one copy of the Bible to read in each school. Some other schools had from three to six Testaments.

In addition to supplying the people with gospel reading, we have established a school in connection with this work. We take children under our care and supervision, when their parents are not able to help them, and feed, and clothe and educate them, depending on the gifts of the people for clothing and provision. In many school districts we find one half of the children that cannot go to school for the want of books and clothing, their parents being so poor they were not able to supply them.

Many of their boys and girls are bright and intelligent, some being great readers, I found some that were making great sacrifices to try to educate themselves.

I am not only supplying all the destitute homes with a copy of the Bible, but I am making a great effort to supply every child that can read with a copy of the New Testament. There are, at least, seventy-five thousand children in these mountains that can read, but few of them have reading matter of any kind in their homes. What better gift can we give them than the word of God? Most of them are eager to get it. One boy walked fifteen miles to get a school-book and a Testament. Two boys walked eight miles to get some school-books and a Bible. One little boy came three miles, and brought with him three heads of cabbage to purchase a Testament. Seven little girls, hearing of me in the mountains, came quite a long distance, each one bringing with them one cent, to purchase a New Testament.

Now, I appeal to every individual that may read this article for help. Send me at least, one Bible or Testament. If you have not got them, please send any sum of money that you may want to contribute to purchase Bibles and Testaments for this work, to the American Bible Society, Bible House, Astor Place, New York City. Tell them the money sent is given to purchase Bibles and Testaments for J. B. Mitchell's mountain work. They will then know how to apply it. Please send me a card giving the amount sent and when. The Bible Society furnish me with Bibles and Testaments at one-half the actual cost. At half price two and one-half cents will purchase a copy of the New Testament, and seven and one-half cents will purchase a copy of the Bible. Please go around among your friends and neighbors, collect in all the Bibles, Testaments, new or old, illustrated books for children, Gospel books, song books, school-books, any kind of useful history, Gospel and Sabbath Schools papers, and Sunday-school cards and tracts, Do not send any Sabbath School Quarterlies, for we cannot use them. Send it pre-paid to me by mail, express or freight to Culberson, Cherokee Co., North Carolina. I have received and distributed among these mountain homes twelve thousand Bibles, Testaments and other literature, making in all nearly fifteen tons. In nearly every home they were received with gratefulness and I have no doubt, by the blessing of God, the truth thus given will in due time bring forth much fruit. This work is not denominational. Address, J. B. Mitchell, Culberson, N. C.

The 'Messenger' Honor Roll of Bible Searchers.

Annie Lowe, Roy Potts, Ethel M., Ethel M. Kelly, Stella Whitlock, Versa Whitlock.

Our attention has been called to a mistake in the heading of last week's texts, they are not in Exodus, but in Leviticus for March.

For the Indian Famine.

We copy these acknowledgments from the 'Daily Witness' of Feb. 24, as many of the subscriptions came through friends of the 'Messenger.'

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujerat—	
Previously acknowledged	$ 99.70
A Friend, Percy	8.00
Margaret Cumming	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Avery	1.00
Ponetanguishene Presbyterian Sunday-school	12.50
Mrs. Thomas and Jean McKenzie	2.00
One of His Little Ones	1.50
Sunday-school, Ceylon, Ont., per S. Humphries, Supt.	10.50
Maggie S. Watts	1.00
Mrs. Thos. Sanderson	2.00
	$143.20

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—	
Previously acknowledged	$183.46
Luke M. Currie, Ireno Currie and Della Currie	2.00
A Friend, Ormond	2.00
A. Hindley	.63
Well Wisher	1.00
Alice Elliott	1.00
Geo. Clendinneng	1.00
Mrs. Jas. MacMillan	2.00
Janie MacMillan	2.00
Two Friends	2.00
G. A. Farmer	10.00
Mrs. Jas. Ferguson	1.10
Jas. Arthur	2.00
A Friend, Athelstan	1.00
Reg. Bond, Armstrong	1.50
Muriel Bond, Armstrong	1.50
Walter Murray	1.00
A Friend, Montreal	10.00
G. R. K.	5.00
Effie H. Hicks	1.00
Mrs. John J. Proctor	2.00
T. H. A.	5.00
Mrs. E. S.	1.00
Sylvanus Hubble	5.00
Mrs. L. Pellibore	1.00
Pamela	1.00
A. Ronald	3.00
G. A. Eaton	5.00
A Friend, Chatham	1.00
Uhthoff Sunday-school	15.00
Friends, Uhthoff	1.20
C. A. S.	1.50
Rev. C. E. Beard	2.50
N. W. Trenholm	25.00
	$300.30

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN LEVITICUS.

March 11, Sun.—Ye shall keep My Sabbaths and reverence My sanctuary.

March 12, Mon.—Regard not them that have familiar spirits.

March 13, Tues. — Sanctify yourselves therefore.

March 14, Wed.—Be ye holy.

March 15, Thurs.—I am the Lord which hallow you.

March 16, Fri.—Six days shall work be done.

March 17, Sat.—Ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God.

Every child in the Sunday-school should be expected to take part in the collection taken in the school. It will help to train them in the right use of money. The cheerful givers of pennies to-day will be the public-spirited citizens of the future; while those who spend all for candies and toys may be the selfish, extravagant nobodies of society by and by.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

We found Craig sound asleep upon his couch. His consternation on waking to see us torn, bruised, and bloody was laughable; but he hastened to find us warm water and bandages, and we soon felt comfortable.

Baptiste was radiant with pride and delight over the fight, and hovered about Graeme and me giving vent to his feelings in admiring French and English expletives. But Abe was disgusted because of the failure at Slavin's; for when Nelson looked in, he saw Slavin's French-Canadian wife in charge with her baby on her lap, and he came back to Shaw and said, 'Come away, we can't touch this'; and Shaw, after looking in, agreed that nothing could be done. A baby held the fort.

As Craig listened to the account of the fight, he tried hard not to approve, but he could not keep the gleam out of his eyes; and as I pictured Graeme dashing back the crowd thronging the barricade till he was brought down by the chair, Craig laughed gently, and put his hand on Graeme's knee. And as I went on to describe my agony while Idaho's fingers were gradually nearing the knife, his face grew pale and his eyes grew wide with horror.

'Baptiste here did the business,' I said, and the little Frenchman nodded complacently and said—

'Dat's me for sure.'

'By the way, how is your foot?' asked Graeme.

'He's fuss-rate. Dat's what you call—one bite of—of—dat leel bees, he's dere, you put your finger dere, he's not dere!—what you call him?'

'Flea!' I suggested.

'Oui!' cried Baptiste. 'Dat's one bite of flea.'

'I was thankful I was under the barrels,' I replied, smiling.

'Oui! Dat's mak' me ver mad. I jump an' swear mos' awful bad. Dat's pardon me, M'sieu Craig, heh?'

But Craig only smiled at him rather sadly. 'It was awfully risky,' he said to Graeme, 'and it was hardly worth it. They'll get more whisky, and anyway the League is gone.'

'Well,' said Graeme with a sigh of satisfaction, 'it is not quite such a one-sided affair as it was.'

And we could say nothing in reply, for we could hear Nixon snoring in the next room, and no one had heard of Billy, and there were others of the League that we knew were even now down at Slavin's. It was thought best that all should remain in Mr. Craig's shack, not knowing what might happen; and so we lay where we could and we needed none to sing us to sleep.

When I awoke, stiff and sore, it was to find breakfast ready and old man Nelson in charge. As we were seated, Craig came in, and I saw that he was not the man of the night before. His courage had come back, his face was quiet and his eye clear; he was his own man again.

'Geordie has been out all night, but has failed to find Billy,' he announced quietly.

We did not talk much; Graeme and I worried with our broken bones, and the others suffered from a general morning depression. But, after breakfast, as the men were beginning to move, Craig took down his Bible, and saying—

'Wait a few minutes, men!' he read slowly, in his beautiful clear voice, that psalm for all fighters—

'God is our refuge and strength,'

and so on to the noble words—

'The Lord of Hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our refuge.'

How the mighty words pulled us together, lifted us till we grew ashamed of our ignoble rage and of our ignoble depression!

And then Craig prayed in simple, straight-going words. There was acknowledgment of failure, but I knew he was thinking chiefly of himself; and there was gratitude, and that was for the men about him, and I felt my face burn with shame; and there was petition for help, and we all thought of Nixon, and Billy, and the men wakening from their debauch at Slavin's this pure, bright morning. And then he asked that we might be made faithful and worthy of God, whose battle it was. Then we all stood up and shook hands with him in silence, and every man knew a covenant was being made. But none saw his meeting with Nixon. He sent us all away before that.

Nothing was heard of the destruction of the hotel stock-in-trade. Unpleasant questions would certainly be asked, and the proprietor decided to let bad alone. On the point of respectability the success of the ball was not conspicuous, but the anti-League men were content, if not jubilant.

Billy Breen was found by Geordie late in the afternoon in his own old and deserted shack, breathing heavily, covered up in his filthy, mouldering bed-clothes, with a half-empty bottle of whiskey at his side. Geordie's grief and rage were beyond even his Scotch control. He spoke few words, but these were of such concentrated vehemence that no one felt the need of Abe's assistance in vocabulary.

Poor Billy! We carried him to Mrs. Mavor's home; put him in a warm bath, rolled him in blankets, and gave him little sips of hot water, then of hot milk and coffee; as I had seen a clever doctor in the hospital treat a similar case of nerve and heart depression. But the already weakened system could not recover from the awful shock of the exposure following the debauch; and on Sunday afternoon we saw that his heart was failing fast. All day the miners had been dropping in to inquire after him, for Billy had been a great favorite in other days, and the attention of the town had been admiringly centred upon his fight of these last weeks. It was with no ordinary sorrow that the news of his condition was received. As Mrs. Mavor sang to him, his large coarse hands moved in time to the music, but he did not open his eyes till he heard Mr. Craig's voice in the next room; then he spoke his name, and Mr. Craig was kneeling beside him in a moment. The words came slowly—

'Oi tried—to fight it hout—but—oi got beaten. Hit 'urts to think 'E's hashamed o' me. Oi'd like t'a done better—oi would.'

'Ashamed of you, Billy!' said Craig, in a voice that broke. 'Not He.'

'An'—ye hall—'elped me so!' he went on. 'Oi wish oi'd 'a done better—oi do,' and his eyes sought Geordie, and then rested on Mrs. Mavor, who smiled back at him with a world of love in her eyes.

'You hain't hashamed o' me—yore heyes saigh so,' he said looking at her.

'No, Billy,' she said, and I wondered at her steady voice, 'not a bit. Why, Billy, I am proud of you.'

He gazed up at her with wonder and ineffable love in his little eyes, then lifted his hand slightly toward her. She knelt quickly and took it in both of hers, stroking it and kissing it.

'Oi haught t'a done better. Oi'm hawful sorry oi went back on 'im. Hit was the lemonaide. The boys d'dn't mean no 'arm—but hit started the 'ell hinside.'

Georgie hurled out some bitter words.

'Don't be 'ard on 'em, Georgie; they didn't mean no 'arm,' he said, and his eyes kept waiting till Geordie said hurriedly—

'Na! na! lad—a'll juist leave them till the Almichty.'

Then Mrs. Mavor sang softly, smoothing his hand, 'Just as I am,' and Billy dozed quietly for half an hour.

When he awoke again his eyes turned to Mr. Craig, and they were troubled and anxious.

'Oi tried 'ard. Oi wanted to win,' he struggled to say. By this time Craig was master of himself, and he answered in a clear, distinct voice—

'Listen, Billy! You made a great fight, and you are going to win yet. And besides, do you remember the sheep that got lost over the mountains?'—this parable was Billy's special delight—'He didn't beat it when He got it, did He? He took it in His arms and carried it home. And so He will you.'

And Billy, keeping his eyes fastened on Mr. Craig, simply said—

'Will 'E?'

'Sure!' said Craig.

'Will 'E?' he repeated, turning his eyes upon Mrs. Mavor.

'Why, yes, Billy,' she answered cheerily, though the tears were streaming from her eyes. 'I would, and He loves you far more.'

He looked at her, smiled, and closed his eyes. I put my hand on his heart; it was fluttering feebly. Again a troubled look passed over his face.

'My—poor—hold—mother,' he whispered, 'she's—hin—the—wukus.'

'I shall take care of her, Billy,' said Mrs. Mavor, in a clear voice, and again Billy smiled. Then he turned his eyes to Mr. Craig, and from him to Geordie, and at last to Mrs. Mavor, where they rested. She bent over and kissed him twice on the forehead.

'Tell 'er,' he said, with difficulty, 'E's took me 'ome.'

'Yes, Billy!' she cried, gazing into his glazing eyes. He tried to lift her hand. She kissed him again. He drew one deep breath and lay quite still.

'Thank the blessed Saviour!' said Mr. Craig, reverently. 'He has taken him home.'

But Mrs. Mavor held the dead hand tight and sobbed out passionately, 'Oh, Billy, Billy! you helped me once when I needed help! I cannot forget!'

And Geordie, groaning, 'Ay, laddie, laddie,' passed out into the fading light of the early evening.

Next day no one went to work, for to all it seemed a sacred day. They carried him into the little church, and there Mr. Craig spoke of his long, hard fight, and of his final victory; for he died without a fear, and with love to the men who, not knowing, had been his death. And there was no

bitterness in any heart, for Mr. Craig read the story of the sheep, and told how gently He had taken Billy home; but, though no word was spoken, it was there the League was made again.

They laid him under the pines, besides Lewis Mavor; and the miners threw sprigs of evergreen into the open grave. When Slavin, sobbing bitterly, brought his sprig, no one stopped him, though all thought it strange.

As we turned to leave the grave, the light from the evening sun came softly through the gap in the mountains, and, filling the valley, touched the trees and the little mound beneath with glory. And I thought of that other glory, which is brighter than the sun, and was not sorry that poor Billy's weary fight was over; and I could not help agreeing with Craig that it was there the League had its revenge.

(To be continued.)

Will Die if You Touch It.

The tiniest of the British animals is the queer-looking little 'pigmy shrew,' which, with its sharp nose, surrounded with queer, stiff bristles, has a quaintly pig-like appearance. A cat ,they say, has nine lives, and if this is so, a shrew may be said to have only about one-ninth of one life.

In almost any dark, damp garden-bank lots of the little creatures live, and you can easily watch them digging holes in the soft soil. Should one be seized by the tail and picked up, he will revenge himself by immediately dying in his captor's hand.—'Children's Friend.'

The Kingdom Within.

'The kingdom of God is within you.'—St. Luke xvii. 21.

A little kingdom I possess
  Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard I find the task
  Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
  A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
  On all my will and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
  To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
  Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
  To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
  To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
  That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
  That Thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
  No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
  Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
  But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
  Except the one within.
Be Thou my Guide until I find,
  Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself
  And dare to take command.

—Louisa M. Alcott (written at the age of thirteen.)

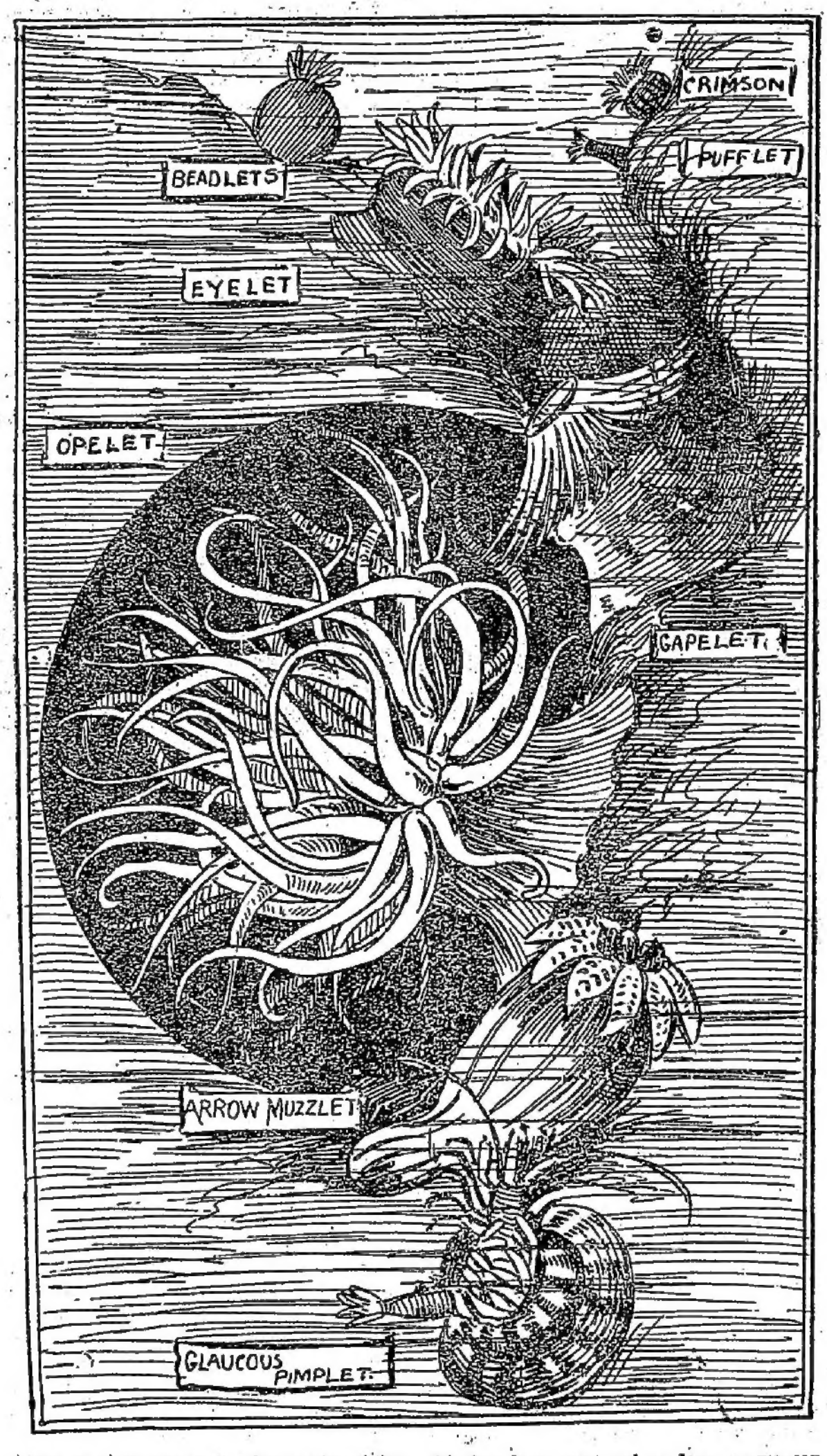
Flowers of the Sea.

BY THE REV. JOHN ISABELL, F.E.S., AUTHOR OF 'WONDERLAND WONDERS,' ETC.

('Home Words.')

What a romance is in the very name of a gold mine! It suggests poverty and untold wealth; the eager digger with his feet upon nuggets of virgin gold, and only six inches of earth between. One stroke of the pickaxe, and rags can be exchanged for costly attire, and meagre fare for luxurious food. He has found the treasure upon which his heart was set, and, for the moment, is happy.

A person who gazes for the first time into the clear depths of a rock-pool left by the receding tide, probably experiences a pleasure as keen as the gold-digger's, and certainly quite as pure: for he sees there things more beautiful than fine gold, and of infinitely greater worth. In that pool there is life, various, quiescent, vigorous, wonderful. As the sea-weeds are moved back, tiny fishes dart away and hide themselves in the crannies, shrimps with a flap of the tail jerk their bodies backward out of the reach of finger and thumb, periwinkles and star-fishes wink perhaps at each other, and crabs, yellow-brown and speckled, peer out of their queer eyes, raised as if on lamp-posts, and seem to say to the intruding hand, 'What impertinence! Why,



this has been our pool as long as we can remember.'

As a matter of fact, the crabs are only temporary tenants. The real owners are certain quiet, respectable creatures, resting on the rock which forms the sides of the pool, and on the stones at the bottom. These are the limpets, in their conical roof-like shells, under which they defy the fiercest gales; and the sea-anemones, mere knobs of crimson, or orange, or green jelly, are equally able to withstand the lashing waves.

Sea-anemones are more like flowers than animals, but this need not surprise us: for Nature, which makes the flowers so beautiful and so symmetrical (or regular) in pattern, delights in symmetry both in animal and vegetable life, and even in things without life, and caten places in the sea what seems to be a copy of something dwelling on the land. Thus things so unlike as starch and snow-flakes crystallize in set patterns. Look at the next pound of starch you have and count the sides of half a dozen pieces, and examine your window-pane the first time there is a sharp frost.

So there are stars in the pool as well as in the sky, sea-cucumbers as well as garden cucumbers. There are sea-slugs, and sea-urchins: and the knobs of jelly I have mentioned seem to blossom into carnations and sun-flowers, into marigolds, and daisies, and anemones.

But

'Things are not what they seem,'

Longfellow tells us. A sponge looks like a vegetable and a coral like a stone, but both are animals which grow from the bottom of the sea, the substances visible to us being simply the skeletons of the living creatures. Anemones, although related to the corals, have no skeletons, and 'lumps of jelly' is the phrase which comes to our mind when asked to describe them. There is however, no real resemblance between a sea-anemone and a jelly-fish. The latter is transparent, and is little else than a disk of salt water. A not very wise old farmer once found an immense number of large jelly-fish on the beach, and ordered his men to carry thm into his field. 'They will make capital manure,' he said. To his astonishment they dissolved and disappeared. The solid matter in a cart-load might have been put into the old gentleman's waistcoat pocket.

Anemones are more like lumps of liver, if lumps of liver could ever assume such beautiful shapes and colors. For these lowly beings are so exquisite in their flower-like forms that enthusiastic collectors have considerable difficulty in finding names to fitly describe their peculiarities. There is the Snowy and the Plumose, the Opelet, the Beadlet, and the Pimplet, the Eyelet, the Muzzlet, the Gapelet, and the Pufflet. With all this difference of color and of petals, if we may so call their tentacles, they have a common family likeness.

To begin with they have no bones. They are simply knobs of flesh, the flat base of which usually rests on and adheres to the rock. An oval opening at the top of the knob serves as a mouth, and such domestic arrangements as pertain to digestion are carried on in a simple bag in the interior. The body is highly elastic, expanding and contracting at the owner's pleasure by means of muscles under the outer skin, which is known as the tunic. At the top of the knob a large number of thread-like tentacles project when the creature is undisturbed, and give it the appearance of a beautiful flower. And just as flowers are more for use than for ornament, attracting by their color and perfume the insects needed to carry the fertilizing pollen from one plant to another, so the tentacles of the anemone are used for stern business purposes. They are the bait to lure the shrimps and young crabs, and the hands to seize and hold them fast. Although apparently fragile, they close on the vagrant and curious prey with resistless force, and convey it to the oval mouth on its way to the stomach. Anemones possess excellent digestions, and soon nothing is left but an empty shell, which is tidily and deftly ejected.

Like many lowly organized animals the anemone has what is sometimes called 'good flesh for healing.' Thus a crab can jerk off a leg and grow another, and a lizard can easily renew its lost tail, occasionally even growing two to replace the original article. An anemone cut or accidently torn from the tentacles to the base dies, but one which has unhappily been amputated across the middle of the back makes light of the accident. The top piece simply sprouts another bottom, and the bottom part another top, and trouble themselves no more about the matter. The only result of the little episode is that there are two anemones instead of one.

Although anemones are so little affected by what we should regard as fatal accidents, they are by no means wanting in susceptibility. A touch with the finger will cause the open flower to contract to a mere button, and the tramp of footsteps on the sand in which some of them live is felt at a considerable distance, and the anemone ejects water and disappears. More striking still, even the shadow of a cloud passing over

PALLID ANEMONE. PLUMOSE ANEMONE.

DAHLIA ANEMONE.

the shoal water in which they are lying is sufficient to cause them to contract instantly. They are marine sensitive plants.

It is difficult to ascertain the limit of life of any but domesticated animals. In their wild state animals cannot well be kept under observation, and in captivity the conditions of life are so unnatural that it is not easy to say whether life has been shortened or prolonged. Obviously, anemones can only be watched to much purpose when kept in aquariums, and we must be content with such evidence as is thus obtained. Whatever may happen in the sea, where they are exposed to the violence of the waves and the teeth of enemies, it is certain that anemones protected by man live to a ripe age. A specimen of the commonest species, the Beadlet, taken at North Berwick, lived so many years that she became almost historic, under the name of 'Granny,' outliving three or four generations of caretakers.

Young Beadlets attach themselves to rocks left bare at half-tide, as if to take the air for their health's sake, but when grown larger and more staid betake themselves to deeper water. This best known species is usually liver-colored; but crimson specimens are also found, and brown, and pale green. If the liver Beadlets be touched when open, the tentacles immediatly contract and disappear, leaving a row of blue beads around the rim, and from this the animal derives its name.

In contrast to this richly-colored species, and perhaps, more beautiful, are two anemones, white and cream respectively, and exquisite in their flower-like forms, known as the Snowy and Plumose anemones. A near relative of the Snowy anemone is said to be esteemed a great delicacy by the Italians. I am told by an Italian friend that his countrymen are not particular about the species, but impartially and readily eat them all with great gusto. They often swallow them raw, and flavored with a little garlic or with oil and lemon juice. After all, there is nothing repulsive in this when once you are used to it, for anemones are clean in their habits, and are doubtless easy to swallow and nourishing when swallowed. They are said to be excellent when boiled, resembling a mixture of calf's-foot jelly and lobster. But perhaps they are best fried with eggs and bread-crumbs.

I have already said that sea-anemones are able to change their position. As a rule most of the species do this to a very limited extent. They have no effective organs of locomotion, and sliding from rock to rock and from stone to stone is necessarily a slow process. But some species disdain such a slow, stay-at-home life, and roam, not exactly where they will, but where the sea pleases to take them.

Others again are, I regret to say, members of that degraded class of beings known as parasites. These parasites apparently love a wandering life, and, having no legs of their own, are clever enough to turn to their use the legs which belong to somebody else. Strictly speaking, it is carriage exercise they seek, and rapid motion. It is managed in this way. There are certain crabs, known as hermits, which, having no covering to protect their bodies, are in the habit of thrusting themselves into some shell, such as that of a whelk. They are never happy until they get possession of some other person's house. There is nothing dishonest in this, for they do not intrude until death has given the original owner a notice to quit. Now the parasitic anemone disregards the whelk as long as the latter keeps indoors, and turns up its nose at the empty shell; but the sight of a hermit crab hanging up its hat in this second-hand home is too great temptation to resist. Saying to itself, 'Here is a chance of a ride,' it manages to climb up behind, and the unhappy crab finds itself doomed to act as the donkey in the anemone's carriage, without payment or even thanks. The hermit crab has its revenge in bumping the shell over the stones, but this particular anemone has a very thick skin, and is, so far as can be seen, none the worse for the violent exercise. The anemone has the satisfaction of seeing the world without expense; it keeps a carriage, and the donkey keeps himself.

Labor in the Sunday-school is not in vain, although in seasons of discouragement Paul exhorts Christians to diligence in labor because that labor will be successful. 'Inasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.' He does not encourage them with prospects of success. He speaks of success as certain, and of their knowledge of the fact.

Jack Larkins' Van-Boy.

(By R. Stansby Williams, in 'Temperance Record.')

That was his name and occupation. As for his appearance, he was a stout, active lad of about fourteen years of age, with fair hair, blue eyes, and round, fresh-colored face; just the sort of lad that would some day grow up to be a big, stalwart fellow, a thorough descendant of those old Saxons, who, as the history books tell us, drove the native Britons before them to seek refuge among 'the stormy hills of Wales.'

Jack's knowledge of his Saxon ancestors was confined to what he had picked up in his progress from the first to the sixth standard at Gordon-street School. It had been rather slow progress, for our friend Jack was not counted among the sharpest or quickest of the little lads who were gathered round Mr. Graham, the headmaster there. But, nevertheless, the master was very well satisfied.

Having passed the sixth standard and reached the seventh, Jack first of all put his name down for half-time, and then, after a few months as errand boy at a shop near his mother's house, managed to get taken on by a large firm of carriers, whose vans and wagons are known all over London.

He began with an odd job now and then, but was soon engaged as van-boy. His work was to help the men in charge of the van, and to look after the goods if they had to leave it for a time. Now this kind of life suited Jack remarkably well. There was plenty to do, hard work perhaps; work that required all his strength, but he didn't mind that. He was strong for his years, and rather enjoyed pulling and dragging heavy boxes and crates; it was to him what climbing trees is to the country boy, and hauling ropes is to the boy at sea. And it was as well that Jack liked his work, for it was by no means easy. He was out in all weathers, and though he managed to get enough to eat, his ways of getting it were sometimes not at all to his liking. Generally he had to eat his bread and cheese or bread and meat either in the van, jolting along a stony road, or while waiting in charge while the carman took his own meals.

The men, of course, were very different in their ways to him. The greater number of them were rough, but not unkindly fellows, fond of a lark, without troubling whether the 'lark' interfered with other people's comfort or not. One or two were positively cruel; but, on the other hand, one or two were kindly, well-behaved and steady men, with whom it was a pleasure to be working. So Jack had a succession of masters, but honestly did his best to please all, and as he had them only one at a time, he generally succeeded in doing so.

There was one, however, whom he could not satisfy, however much he tried, who was constantly finding fault and grumbling, whether Jack did his best or not. And so the lad got discouraged, and now and then gave up trying.

'Where's the use?' he said to his special chum, Tom Halliday. 'Jim's always at it, grumbling and growling.'

Tom picked up a straw and stuck it in the corner of his mouth, a sign he was thinking deeply. He took his time, as a rule, before giving an opinion.

'Well,' he said, at last, 'you ain't on with Jim every day——'

'I am three days out o' six,' retorted Jack, not much comforted as yet.

'Three days out o' six ain't all the week, rejoined Tom. 'Look 'ere, Jack,' and he turned to his friend, 'don't you be a duffer. You're a thinkin' o' givin' up, that's what you're drivin' at. Don't you be a duffer.'

'But I can't please Jim, nohow, do as I may.' said Jack.

'P'raps not,' Tom answered. 'Never you mind, you just hold on. Jim can't sack you. It's only Mr. Carson'—the yard manager—' as can do that. You just hold on.'

'But Jim's a regular brute. It's a cuff or a kick when he's put out about anything. He gave me a crack the other day as knocked me nearly to the other end of the van.'

Tom whistled. 'Well, I don't know as you're called on to stand that,' he said, picking up a fresh straw in place of the first one. 'Only if you make a bother it'll be the wuss for you in the end. It allus is. Put up with it a bit, old chap. Jim's sure to put his foot in it and get the sack before long. Put up with it a bit,' and, seeing no other way, Jack admitted that was the best he could do. So far as possible he tried to arrange so as to escape being told off to work with Jim Gray. It was not much he could do that way, but now and again he contrived to keep clear of his 'enemy,' for he had begun to consider him as such, and to share the van of some more genial and steady carman employed by the firm.

But it very often happens that an event occurs through the very means we take to avoid it. We are so very anxious to escape a trouble that we go very far out of our way to do so, and thus meet with some greater difficulty than that which threatened us. Gray, as it happened, was one of the strongest of the large number of men employed by the firm, just as Jack Larkins was one of the strongest of the lads. So they were often paired off together by the yard manager, very much to Gray, the carman's, satisfaction, as he thus obtained in Larkins an active and steady assistant, on whom he could thoroughly depend, and in whose charge he could leave his van with safety. Gray, like most of us, could be pleasant enough if he chose; and his 'pleasant' moments were those in which he was desirous of being on good terms with Jack just for his own benefit.

A certain time for meals was allowed to the men, but they had to take it whenever their work would permit. Some of them went to the coffee house, most of them to the public-houses; of these latter was Jim Gray. Jack always noticed that Jim was a good deal worse tempered after his hasty dinner than he was during the morning, except now and again—say, two or three times a week—when he came to his work, as Jack put it, 'as cross as an old bear.' And on these days the boy had a very bad time indeed; a curse or a blow, sometimes both, being his usual lot if everything did not go exactly as Jim wanted it.

Once or twice Jack felt inclined to 'hit back again,' or, if not that, to give up his place at the end of the week; but he remembered his friend's advice and held on bravely, doing his work as well as he could and without complaint. And there was another reason why he should hold on. There was at home a little sister, of whom he was very fond, and while his mother got the living and managed for the two young boys, it had somehow come about, nobody quite knew how, that the greater part of Jack's earnings was specially for little Laura's benefit. To give up his post, therefore, would hurt Laura as well as himself, for it might be some weeks before he could get another, and little Laura would have to go short of many things that his money now provided for her. So Jack held on.

'It can't last for ever,' he said to himself by way of encouragement, when he had a particularly bad day. It certainly could not, and it did not. One morning, the morning of a cold, wintry, frosty day, Jack was at his post as usual, looking out for a chance of getting, if possible, along with one of the better-tempered men. But all the boys were just as eager to get with their special favorites as Jack was. Mr Carson was standing at the door of his office, wrapped in a heavy overcoat, his thin, sharp face looking redder than ever, and his keen eyes twinkling in the cold, icy air, as he told off the names, as, one by one, the men dropped in. Last of all came Jim Gray.

'At it again, Gray,' said the yard manager, in his sharpest tones, as the man slouched up to him.

'I war a bit late up last night,' Jim admitted, in a half grumbling, half excusing tone.

'Late up,' rejoined the manager, looking keenly at the other's flushed face, heavy eyes, rough hair and beard, and generally untidy aspect. 'I should think you weren't in bed at all. You look out, my man, or you'll have to look for work somewhere else than here. Get yourself a bit more tidy by to-morrow, for you're no credit to the firm.'

And Jim Gray certainly was not. His clothes were splashed and stained with mud, his hat damaged; there was a rent in his coat, and bits of straw showed themselves in his tangled hair. Looking round as he spoke, Mr. Carson's eye lighted upon Jack Larkins.

'Here, Larkins, you go with Gray. He wants some steady fellow with him.'

'Yes, sir,' said Jack, but in so dismal a tone that the other lads in hearing broke into a laugh, and even the severe yard manager could not repress a smile.

On his part, Jim looked cross and angry, but went off to his van without a word more, and Jack followed, though with a very bad grace.

He expected a bad day, and the result quite came up to his expectations. Once clear of the yard and away from Mr. Carson's watchful eye, Jim gave vent to his annoyance in a burst of evil language that startled even Jack, accustomed as the latter was to the rough speech and ways of the majority of the carmen. He ventured upon a slight remonstrance, but Jim turned upon him so fiercely that the lad, though by nature bold, drew back a moment into his own part of the van and was silent.

Apparently satisfied by this, Jim, having finished loading, clambered up, not too steadily, Jack thought, and, cracking his whip, drove off. For the first hour or so, all went on much as usual, save that Jim from time to time, took up a tin flask he had stowed under the tarpaulin that covered the goods in the van, and whenever he stopped to deliver a bale or a package he contrived, under cover of the tarpaulin, to put the flask to his mouth and take a drink. With each application, however, his ill-humor seemed to increase, and before long showed itself more violently than ever it had before.

Jack, who unluckily got in his way on one occasion, was rewarded by a blow that, unless he had warded it off with his arm, would have laid him senseless on the floor of the van. As it was he went staggering up against a bale of goods, fortunately soft cotton goods, and received no further damage than a bruise that made his arm black and blue for a week after.

Then the enraged carman, whose frequent applications to the flask were rapidly destroying what little self-command he pos-

sessed, turned upon his horses, and lashed them into a gallop, and the heavy van clattered along the busy street, at the imminent risk of an upset. People ran in all directions to escape the cumbrous vehicle and the frightened, galloping horses.

Jack braced himself against the side of the van, and was just meditating risking a sprained ankle by dropping down over the back, when there came a crash of shattered metal, splintered wood, and broken glass, and as the lad pitched forward against the same friendly bale of soft goods that had before saved him from injury, he saw his companion lurch heavily sideways from his seat down on the stones below, where he lay, amid the wreckage he had caused, stunned and motionless, with the heels of the plunging horses in dangerous proximity to his head.

Jack, a little shaken, but unhurt, clutched the side of the van with one hand, and, swinging himself over and down, caught with the other the carman's rough overcoat, and, putting into the effort all the strength he possessed, dragged him aside, out of reach of those iron heels. Then there was a great shouting, something heavy struck him between the shoulders, a deadly sickness came over him, and he remembered no more.

'He'll do now,' said a voice, as the lad, recovering himself, opened his eyes and looked up at the faces bending over him.

'Feel all right, my lad, eh?' said the doctor.

'A little shaky, sir; I'll be better directly, But where's Jim?' for as he collected his scattered senses he became conscious he was no longer in the van, and that his comrade had disappeared.

'Oh! he's all right, too, by this time!' said the medical man. 'You're a cast-iron pair, I'm thinking,' he added, good-humoredly. 'But he owes his life to you,' he said, more gravely. 'I saw it all,' he added, turning to someone standing near by, whom Jack had not noticed. 'It was bravely and cleverly done, for in another minute those horses would have dashed out your carman's brains.'

'The drink hadn't left him many to be dashed out,' said a sharp voice Jack knew well. He raised himself on his elbow, and to his great amazement saw Mr. Carson.

'Keep still, Jack,' said the latter. 'I happened to be passing and saw the accident. You won't lose in the firm's opinion, I can tell you, my lad. Take a few days off for a rest—I'll pay you as usual—and then come to me. You don't live far from here. I think I'll see you home now.'

And so he did, for Jack, after a brief rest and a strong restorative the doctor gave him, found himself able to walk, though not quite so quickly as usual.

'What was it knocked me over, sir?' he said.

Mr. Carson laughed.

'That big parcel for Sawdell and Jones—soft goods luckily.'

'That's odd,' said Jack, meditatively. 'I fell up against that very bale of goods when the accident happened, and once before——' He stopped.

'When Jim knocked you up against it, eh?' said the yard manager.

'I'd rather not say, sir——' began Jack.

'You needn't,' was the dry answer; 'but we had to take off your jacket to see if any bones were broken, and I know the mark of a blow when I see it.'

'I hope you won't be hard on Jim, sir,' said Jack.

'You take care of yourself,' said Mr. Carson, good-humoredly, 'and let Jim alone.'

'It was the drink, sir,' continued Jack.

'You're right, Larkins,' said the other, with sudden emphasis; 'it was the drink!' Then he checked himself, as Jack looked up wondering. 'It's the drink in almost all these cases. Keep you clear of it, my lad, your whole life long.'

'I mean to, sir,' said Jack, sincerely.' He kept his word.

And Jim Gray, not all bad, when he realized how near he had been to death, and how he had been saved by the lad he had so often ill-treated, declared that he'd keep clear of the drink for ever after. And he did.

Prince Eugene.

A CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

(E. S. Langfeldt, in 'Parish and Home.')

The man who is the hero of this little story was the greatest warrior of his age; he is known as 'Prince Eugene,' 'the noble knight,' 'dir edle Ritter,' as he is called in the German patriotic song, which is dedicated to his memory.

He was the youngest of five brothers, a little bit of a boy, thin, pale-looking and weak. His father was the Duke Maurice of Savoy, who was very much disappointed in this weak boy, because Eugene could apparently not follow the footsteps of his ancestors in the royal army. And so the Duke thought that this boy could do nothing else but read books and remain at home because in his estimation it was impossible to think that the boy would ever be able to endure the hardships of the army life. Prince Eugene loved his books, indeed, and delighted to read the histories of ancient times, and of the great wars that raged through the countries. He had heard that his father wanted him to enter the Church as a candidate for holy orders, But, although, he loved to study he had not the least intention to study for the church. He was diligent and successful in his studies, but the books which he loved best were not those appointed for study in divinity; he wanted his 'Caesar,' and writings of other eminent soldiers of ancient times.

He was quite young when he asked Ludwig XIV., King of France, for a position in the army. But when the King saw Eugene he advised him to remain in the school-room and to prepare himself for the profession which his father had chosen for him.

But this refusal did not discourage the young prince, He went to Vienna and asked the Emperor Leopold I. to accept him as a soldier. The Emperor sympathized with Eugene, and, though he did not think the young man strong enough for the army life, he hoped that, by experiencing some hardships the young prince would soon become tired of his choice.

However, Prince Eugene was after all the right man. He was attached to a cavalry regiment under the command of Duke Karl V., of Lothringen. The war with the Turks began, and Prince Eugene proved to be a brave and faithful soldier. The Turks were defeated, Vienna was saved, and Prince Eugene was advanced to the rank of Colonel of the Royal Dragoons, After many other engagements with the Turks, the peace of Karloritz was ratified in 1698, and the war was ended. The Emperor Leopold appointed Prince Eugene General Field Marshal, and presented him with a large estate near Vienna. Here he lived for about a year, away from the busy affairs of the court. But this peaceful life was not of long duration Through the intrigues of the French King another war called the country to arms, France was going to annex the Spanish throne for one of the French princes. In consequence of that Austria, England, Holland, Prussia and Hanover opposed France, and a furious war was the result. It broke out in 1701, and Italy, Germany, and Spain were the scenes of the battles. Prince Eugene became famous for taking his army through the Alps into Italy. France was defeated, and Italy was cleared from all the Frenchmen.

After this Eugene was needed in the Netherlands. During the siege of Lille some of Eugene's enemies sought to kill him by means of a poisoned letter. But the plan was discovered and failed to accomplish its design. On May 7, 1714, the war was terminated through the Peace of Rastatt.

Again another war with the Turks began. At the battle of Peterwardein Eugene won a victory with 64,000 men over 150,000 Turks, A year after this battle he defeated 200,000 Turks with 60,000 of his men. Aug. 16, 1717, was an eventful day, it meant a fight unto death. But the battle, which began with prayers to God for help was ended in him and he gave the victory to his people. Eugene assembled the whole army for a thanksgiving service to Almighty God. Once again Eugene, being 71 years of age, led his army to another victory in the war for the Polish crown. It was in 1733, April 21, 1736, God put the summons into his hands, and the life of this great man ceased. His death was peaceful. No one knows the hour of his death. When one of his servants entered the bedroom in the morning, Prince Eugene was dead. He was buried in St. Stephen's Church, in Vienna.

Prince Eugene had a keen observation in army matters. His soldiers almost worshipped him, they loved him as their protector and father. In his own estimation, in spite of his fame, he was humble and meek, his heart was child-like and filled with love. Whenever he won a victory he gave the honor to God; he always ascribed glory and power to him. Often he went to his God in prayer, and he never undertook anything without asking God for guidance. In his troubles and difficulties he felt most keenly that man is nothing in himself and that everyone must be spiritually blind who would trust in his own might. He was not selfishly ambitious, he was a true friend. No doubt he had to fight many battles with his own faults and weaknesses like every one of us; but, taking his life as a whole, Prince Eugene was a great and noble hero. Even after more than 150 years he is still eulogized in many poems and songs, which were composed to his honor.

Only truth which reaches its mark does good, and no truth will reach its mark that is not aimed. Point them at the particular needs of the pupils! Employ a moral range-finder which will enable you to plant the shots of conviction straight home at the center of the pupil's life. Make the scholar feel that what is being said has come to close quarters with him; that it is not meant for John in the next class or for Jamie over in the corner of the room, but for his own wriggling, evasive self. Then will the Gospel gunnery have most excellent results in the long run of Sabbath-school practice.

LITTLE FOLKS

Our Friend with the Hump.

(By Sheila, in 'Child's Own Magazine.')

Camels ploughing! What lanky, ungainly creatures they look—all legs and neck, and sloping hump!

Squish, squish go their spongy feet in the moist rice-fields; every now and then one gives a grunt by way of conversation, and his companion responds with another grunt. They do not hurry themselves—a camel takes his own time about things—but they will work patiently all day, and every day, on very little food.

What the people of the East would do without their 'ships of the desert' cannot be imagined. Where a horse would die for want of food, a camel pads on comfortably, carrying his own provisions with him, in his own ingenious way. He has a store cupboard, of which he alone keeps the key.

PLOUGHING WITH CAMELS

When an Arab is about to take a long journey he is very anxious about his camel's hump. It must be in good condition, or he must wait and fatten the animal up. Camels returning from a trip where they got little or nothing to eat have almost flat backs. They were kept alive by those most convenient humps, which grew a little smaller each day.

Then, a camel can bottle up twenty or thirty pints of water in certain cells in his body, and so keep himself from dying of thirst in the deserts he has to cross. He can scent water a mile and a half away, and his dull-looking eyes discern a sand-storm coming long before his rider.

With a roar of terror the animal whirls round and buries his nose in the sand. Off tumbles his master—for he knows what that means—flings himself on his knees, and draws his cloak over his head.

In another moment the storm is upon them—a terrific cloud of burning sand, which almost bears them along with it. Fortunately it passes on, and this time the Arab and his camel are saved.

There is a hot wind called the simoom, that is an even worse foe to the traveller; for it often kills both men and camels as it sweeps past them.

A young camel is a droll object. If he is born in the desert, they strap him on his mother's back until he can trot by her side.

At two years old he 'begins school.' A carpet is tied on his queer little hump; this makes him very angry, but he has to put up with it. Later on, the carpet is taken away, and a light saddle put in its place. And so Master Camel's education proceeds until he has learnd to kneel and be loaded with a heavy pack.

Even the patience of a camel, however, can be tried too far. It would seem as if some of his relations say to him privately, 'Now, my boy, if they put too much on your back, don't get up. Let them beat you; it won't hurt that tough hide of yours. Don't get up till they take something off!'

The camel listens, and thinks it good advice. And he acts on it, too, as you may see if you ever go to Cairo.

How Papa Amused Hal.

(By E. Louise Liddell, in 'Christian Work.')

Everybody said Baby Hal was a beauty, and what everybody said ought to be true. In fact, he had beautiful great brown eyes, the pinkest of cheeks and the prettiest rings of yellow hair all over his head. So I think we must agree with everybody.

Then he was so good, he never cried—truly—only when he had the colic. But of course as he grew older he outgrew that dreadful complaint, so he had almost no further use for tears.

Now perhaps you will begin to think that Hal was almost too good to live. So I must tell you that with all his sweetness and good nature Hal was very, very mischievous, and by the time the little fellow was two years old, mamma said it was about all she could do to follow him around and see that he didn't get into any serious trouble.

'I think,' said papa, 'that you make yourself more work than is necessary. If you would only amuse him in some quiet way it would save you lots of trouble.

Mamma was a wise woman, so she only smiled and said, 'Suppose you amuse him this afternoon. I want to go out and get me a new bonnet, and Bridget has her hands full trying out lard.'

'Very well,' said papa; 'we shall get along all right. All he needs is a little training.'

'I suppose he does,' said mamma, meekly.

'Needs twaining,' mimicked Hal, wagging his curly pate, wisely.

Mamma laughed; she had her private opinion as to the proposed 'training,' and the individual who was likely to be trained, but she forebore to make any discouraging remarks.

When mamma was fairly out of the house, papa proceeded to put his theories into practice. He placed Hal on the floor with a large picture-book before him, and a number of his favorite toys within reach. The baby was busy at once, and papa seated himself at his desk to write a letter. All was quiet.

'The easiest thing in the world to amuse the child,' thought papa,

and soon forgot all about his little son.

But after awhile the very quiet of the room disturbed him and he looked around to see how his young charge was employing himself. The book and toys lay on the floor, but there was no baby to be seen. The dining room door, which must have been left slightly ajar, was now wide open, and a faint noise could be heard in that direction. Papa followd the sound, and found the missing baby seated before the open grate playing in the ashes. He was busy filling his little beach-pail, and there were little heaps of ashes all round the hearth.

'Nice sand,' said Hal, smiling at papa, and showing a soot-blackened face and a pair of grimy hands.

Papa was almost sure that this was the proper time for the promised 'training,' but the little fellow looked so innocently happy that it seemed cruel even to scold him. 'He didn't know he was doing wrong. He had played in the sand on the sea-shore and why not here?' So papa reasoned, as he helped Bridget make the culprit presentable once more.

After papa put the dining-room in order (for Bridget couldn't leave her lard any longer), he said to Hal, 'Now, you'll be a good boy while papa writes his letter, won't you?'

'Course,' said Hal, with great earnestness.

Somehow papa felt a little doubtful. As he stationed the youngster at the end of the writing-desk, in his high chair, he began to think that it wasn't so easy after all to amuse the child. However, Hal was not very troublesome for the rest of the afternoon. To be sure, he overturned the ink bottle into the waste basket (which fortunately was nearly full of paper) and chewed up a half sheet of postage stamps, but papa was so thankful that nothing worse happened before mamma's return, that he felt like hugging the rogue.

'How did you get along?' asked mamma, after she had kissed Hal and shown the new bonnet to her husband.

'Oh, pretty well,' said papa, who thought he wouldn't say anything about the ashes. The link and postage stamps were hardly worth mentioning, anyway.

Mamma looked a little surprised, but she didn't say anything.

The next morning—just after breakfast—Bridget came into the dining room in great distress. 'Sure, ma'am, would yer be after comin' into the kitchen, an' see what's the matter with the lard I was tryin' out yisterday,'

Mamma went into the kitchen. The great stone jar into which the hot lard had been poured stood on the floor; the contents, which should have been as white as snow, were of a dirty gray color.

'I don't understand it at all,' said mamma. 'Where did you put the lard to cool?'

'In the pantry, mum, under the shelf,' replied Bridget. 'But sure, I covered it over.'

'Very strange,' said the mistress. Then she called papa, and he came and looked and was puzzled.

Finally, Baby Hal came and stuck his roguish face into the jar. 'Nice sand,' he said, with a droll smile.

'The rascal,' said papa.

'I dare say he was amused in a quiet way,' remarked mamma.

Then she and papa looked at each other and laughed.—'Christian Work.'

The Stiff-Necked Kittens.

(Clara C. Smith.)

Down in a certain barrel in a certain barn there were born, one time, three little kittens. Here they ate nice pussy-milk and slept and grew stronger, until finally, they were able to open their eyes and look about them. It was not very light deep down in that barrel; but since they didn't know much about light, that didn't trouble them at all. Besides you know kittens can see in the dark.

Although their home was very small, they did not complain; they were small too, and so just enjoyed what they had. They had plenty of room to sleep in and could run round after their tails just a little bit, and bite each other's ears.

But kittens cannot always stay wee babies any more than children; and after awhile they began to find their quarters more cramped. There was not so very much to do either. It grew tiresome to just tumble over each other all the time. So they fell into the way of spending a good deal of time in sitting up straight and watching that queer, round light place at the top of the barrel; and wondering what was beyond, and watching for their mother to come over the edge of it and down to them. Then they would besiege her with questions and cry to be taken out into the great world.

Mamma Pussy told them it was not time for them to leave their cosy home yet; and showed them how to sharpen their claws on the side of the barrel, and twitched the end of her tail for them to play with, while she sang to them soft little songs about patience and trusting their mamma.

But these kittens had grown perverse and wanted their own way; so they sat up stiff and straight, while they blinked at the top of the barrel and cried only 'Meow! Meow!'

One day Mrs. Pussy stopped singing and coaxing her children by nice pussy ways but lay quite still, while she twitched the end of her tail fast and hard for several minutes, and her eyes grew big and black.

Then she suddenly seized one little kitten by the back of the neck, leaped out of the barrel and, running into the house laid kitty down on a sofa beside little Annie. Back she went to the barn and brought, one by one, her whole family then lay down panting beside them.

Of course Annie was delighted and hugged the dear little soft balls of fur until they were nearly frightened out of their wits and cried 'Meow! Meow!' harder than ever.

Annie brought a string and tried to make them play, but they dared not move. They thought with longing of their old barrel. Then Annie tried them with a saucer of warm milk, thinking they would feel more at home if they would eat.

And what do you think they did? Why just sat still with their noses tilted into the air and squinted side-wise at the milk.

The fact is, they had looked up at the top of the barrel for so long that to hold their noses tilted up in the air had become a firmly fixed habit; and their little necks had become almost stiffened that way. They had to try many, many times before they could get down to the milk.

Perhaps you may think this an impossibly contrived story, but I assure you that, as to fact, it is strictly true. If you do not believe me you must ask Annie. It was she who told me.

Anyhow it all goes to show how easily a habit, good or bad, may be acquired and how hard it is to break it up.—'The Evangelist.'

LESSON XI.—MARCH 18.

Jesus at Matthew's House.

Mark ii., 13-22. Memory verses 15-17. Compare Matt. ix., 9-17.

Daily Readings.

M. Called. Mk. 1: 14-30.
T. Followed. Jn. 10: 1-16.
W. Anointed. Lk. 7: 36-50.
T. Rejoicing. Lk. 15: 1-24.
F. Obedient. I Pet. 2: 1-16.
S. Exhortation. Col. 3: 1-17.

Golden Text.

He said unto him, Follow me.' Luke v., 27.

Lesson Text.

And he went forth again by the sea side; and all the multitude resorted unto him, and he taught them. (14.) And as he passed by, he saw Levi the son of Alpheus sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, Follow me. And he arose and followed him. (15.) And it came to pass, that, as Jesus sat at meat in his house, many publicans and sinners sat also together with Jesus and his disciples: for there were many, and they followed him. (16.) And when the scribes and Pharisees saw him eat with publicans and sinners, they said unto his disciples, How is it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans and sinners? (17.) When Jesus heard it, he said unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. (18.) And the disciples of John and of the Pharisees used to fast: and they come and say unto him, Why do the disciples of John and of the Pharisees fast, but thy disciples fast not? (19.) And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bridechamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them? as long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast. (20.) But the days will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days. (21.) No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment; else, the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse. (22.) And no man putteth new wine into old bottles else the new wine doth burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, and the bottles will be marred: but new wine must be put into new bottles.

Suggestions.

After the wonderful healing of the paralytic, Jesus went down by the seaside to teach the great multitude which came to hear him. As he was passing by the customs or toll-house he saw Levi, a tax collector. Jesus called to him, Follow me. Matthew at once arose and followed.

This is the bare outline of the wondrous story of a soul's conversion. Of all that went before this incident we are told nothing, the important point is that Levi the publican followed Jesus and became one of the twelve disciples, Matthew, the chronicler of our Saviour's life. But we may suppose that this was not the first time that Levi Matthew had seen Jesus, probably he had often heard Him preaching near the shore where the little toll-house stood. He had listened, and wondered whether such a man as he was, engaged in such a despised and disreputable business, could possibly have a part in this wonderful kingdom of God about which the Saviour taught so graciously. The business of collecting taxes was one of peculiar temptations. A certain amount of money must be paid over to the Roman government, but if the collector could extort from the merchants and farmers more than the required amount, he could easily make himself rich through the sufferings of his fellow countrymen, who had no repeal against his injustice. Despised and shunned by all, the tax gatherer, or publican as he was called, had little insentive to honesty or mercy. Matthew may have been an honest man, as some contend, or he may have been one of the chief of sinners, be that as it may, he heard the good news of salvation preached by the Son of God, and it began to dawn upon him that there was hope for the despised publican. Time and again he heard the voice of Jesus and the thought might have come to his mind that it would be a pleasure to be one of those who went around with this teacher, able to hear all that he said, and, best of all, having his daily companionship. But then, there was the business—how could he give that up? Those who followed Jesus must give up all thought of making themselves rich, they must be ready to put up with all the discomforts which he endured, persecutions even must be met with joy (Matt. v., 11, 12.) Was Matthew ready for all this? For days, perhaps, he had weighed and considered the question, and on this particular day as Jesus was passing his door, his heart cried out with unutterable longing for fellowship with this wondrous Teacher. As he looked up he met the glance of the Saviour, full of love and compassion. Jesus saw past the garb of the publican and the dingy little toll-house, the possibility for Matthew of sainthood, of a robe of righteousness, of an eternal inheritance in the kingdom of God. Jesus heard and answered the heart-cry of the publican and Matthew with joy arose to obey the spoken command of Jesus—Follow me!

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence my All shalt be:
Perish all of earth's ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still my own!

Matthew made a great feast at his house and invited all his old associates and friends to meet Jesus. The scribes and Pharisees, who were proud of their knowledge of the law, and entrenched in their own self-righteousness, seeing Jesus in such company tried to cast a slur on his character because of his friendship with sinners. If they could have seen how sinful their own proud hearts were in the sight of God, they would not have been so quick to condemn their neighbors. They might as well say that a doctor is an invalid because of his association with the sick, as to say that a Godly man is harmed by those whom he tries to help to a better life. Well people do not need doctors to attend them Those who are satisfied with the law do not need more of the law. The self-righteous, self-sufficient man does not accept the gospel because he does not see his need, but the man who realizes his own inability to keep from sinning is more ready to accept the Saviour who can keep him.

No man is constitutionally unable to accept the gospel.

Jesus came to call sinners. The words here inserted (to repentance) are not in the original. Men are too apt to shun repentance thinking of it only as remorse and anguish of mind, whereas its true meaning is simply a change of mind, a complete turning from the old ways of thinking and doing, receiving forgiveness for the past, power for the present, and faith for the future. Jesus comes to call sinners to fellowship with himself, and they must turn from their own pursuits to follow him, and they must be cleansed to be fit for his company. Jesus called Matthew, but Matthew could not have followed him and at the same time kept on with his business.

When they asked our Lord why his disciples did not fast as the disciples of other sects did, he replied that while he was with them, his disciples had nothing to mourn, but that he would some time have to leave them, and then they would mourn and fast. Christianity could not have the same customs as the old Judaism, though God honored the old covenant until he established the new (Heb. viii., 7-10.) The leaven of Christianity must have room to grow and spread and could no more be bound by the old rules and ceremonies, than new wine with all its fermenting power could be bound by an old skin bottle. A new unshrunken piece of cloth patched on to an old garment in shrinking would tear the cloth to which it was sewed and so make matters far worse. The new covenant could not be patched on to the old covenant, neither could Jesus take as the first disciples of his new doctrine, those whose minds were already saturated with the old Law and man's interpretation thereof.

C. E. Topic.

March. 18.—Ye must be born again. John 3: 1-15.

Junior C. E Topic.

CURING THE FAULT-FINDER

Mon., Mar. 12. Know the effect of idle words. Matt. 12: 36.
Tues., Mar. 13. Count your blessings. Ps. 23: 5, 6.
Wed., Mar. 14. Seek the good. Rom. 12: 9.
Thu., Mar. 15. Visit the sick and poor. James 1: 27.
Fri., Mar. 16. Sing. Acts 16: 25.
Sat., Mar. 17. Read the life of Christ. Heb. 12: 3.
Sun., Mar. 18. Topic—The cure for fault-finding. Matt. 7: 1-5.

Alcohol Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER VII.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL UPON THE STOMACH.

(Continued.)

8. Q.—What did Dr. Beaumont find out?

A.—That even the amount of alcohol in beer or light wine inflamed the stomach, and hindered digestion; while stronger liquors caused lucerous patches on the inner coat of the stomach, and rendered digestion very imperfect indeed.

9. Q.—Describe Dr. Monroe's experiments.

A.—Dr. Henry Monroe, of Hull, England, mixed gastric juice from an animal with finely minced meat, and put it in three bottles.

10. Q.—What did he do with the bottles?

A.—In the first bottle he put water with the gastric juice, in the second alcohol, and in the third pale ale, and left the bottles in a warm place.

11. Q.—What was the result?

A.—In ten hours the meat in the first bottle was dissolved like soup, in the second and third bottles the meat was almost unchanged, while the pepsin was precipitated, forming a sediment in the bottom of the bottles.

12. Q.—What did this prove?

A.—That alcohol even in small quantities impairs or stops digestion.

13. Q.—What is the effect of alcohol upon the stomach of a moderate drinker?

A.—It hardens the delicate lining called the mucous membrane, which is like the lining of the mouth.

14. Q.—What does it cause in the drunkard?

A.—It causes ulcers, sores, cancers, and other terrible diseases.

15. Q.—How do we know this?

A.—From writings of thousands of medical men who examine bodies after death.

16. Q.—What is the course of alcohol through the body?

A.—It passes from the stomach unchanged into the blood, then is carried to the brain and all the other organs of the body, and finally without change most of it passes out of the body in the breath and invisible perspiration through the skin.

17. Q.—Is alcohol ever food?

A.—It is not. Food is digested, warms the blood and nourishes the body. Alcohol is not digested, lowers the temperature and never nourishes the body.

18. Q.—How do we know this?

A.—From experiments by such men as Dr. Ezra M. Hun and the celebrated English doctor, Benjamin W. Richardson, and others.

19. Q.—How much alcohol is in ale?

A.—About nine parts out of 100 are alcohol.

20. Q.—What other liquors have about the same amount of alcohol ?

A.—Cider, beer, and porter.

21. Q.—Is there any food in ale, beer, or porter ?

A.—Almost none at all.

22. Q.—What does the great German chemist, Baron Liebig, say ?

A.—He says there is more nourishment or food in a teaspoonful of flour than there is in nine quarts of beer.

23. Q.—What is the fact concerning those who drink alcoholic liquors ?

A.—No one who drinks beer, wine, or stronger alcoholic liquors, possesses a healthy stomach, and an unhealthy stomach that does not properly digest food makes the whole body weak or diseased.

Drink and Insanity.

The influence of drink in the production of insanity is made more manifest year after year as the reports of lunatic asylums come before the public. The reports of the Lancashire Asylums show that the rate at which drink causes insanity was for the past year nearly one-half percent, higher than it was during 1897—which itself had shown an increase on the year before. Last year, 27.96 percent of the total number of admissions were caused by drink—which, with the exception of one year, is the highest drink rate during the past ten years. Coming to actual figures, 186 patients were admitted to Rainhill Asylum last year from this cause, 108 of whom were men, and 78 women. In all the exciting cause of the insanity was ascertained by careful inquiry, all doubtful cases being excluded; so that these figures rather under-estimate than over-estimate the actual facts. The report says that on 31st December last, 'There were left in the asylum at least 83 patients who had become permanently insane through drink: and if to this figure we add 13 who died during the year we get a minimum total of 96 persons who have either died or become permanently disabled from this cause from among the admissions into this asylum in the course of a single year.' The report adds:—'Every year we have cases admitted in which the sole cause of the insanity has been the intemperance of the parents. This is, indeed, one of the saddest aspects of the drink question, the burden which so many people have to carry with them through life on account of the drinking habits of their progenitors.'—'Temperance Record.'

'For Sale !'

'For sale ! A good saloon—fine business place—
Good will included too, its worth to laud !
Here's a rare snap—if wise you'll catch it up;
Reason for selling out, I go abroad ! '

'A good saloon'—whence came this aspect rare ?
'Fine place for business'—aye, 'tis on the way
The toiling masses pass, when homeward bound—
A trap, devised to make the weak its prey !

'A snap ?' for whom ? Who gathers up this pelf
Through daily traffic of this daily wage ?
Is it the suffering wife and helpless babe,
Or sorrowing mother, bowed by grief and age ?

Going abroad ! ' To seek luxurious ease,
With coffers filled, regardless of it's cost
To countless lives, by a base traffic wrecked,
And countless souls, perchance, forever lost !

And yet, 'the powers that be' hold slackened rein,
Nor check the rum-fiend that enslaves the low—
Robs homes of want—builds up the bloated base,
And mocks at sights and tears of helpless woe !

'For sale ! ' Can gold thus gotten move that load—
The prayers, groans, curses of the hearts it broke ?
Can foreign scenes efface a sin-cursed past,
Or Heaven's just retributive laws revoke ?

L. S. Harris, in New York 'Observer.'

Correspondence

Bristol.

Dear Editor,—I think you must have made a mistake about the texts being in Exodus. Neither mamma nor I can find them there; but we found them all in Leviticus. Please let us know if the mistake is yours or mine. I like to find the texts. I have them all written in a big book.

Your little friend,

ALLIE R.

Thank you for the correction, Allie. I wonder how many others noticed the mistake. I am glad you are writing the texts in a book, and that you enjoy finding them. (Editor.)

Ponoka, Alta., N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—I agree with you that the 'Messenger' is appreciated wherever it goes. I like the Temperance page best. I would like to have the address to some place in India, where I might send my 'Messenger' to. I would be very glad to do something for the poor little boys and girls in India, who are starving with hunger. I like Annie's letter, she is like me, for she says she likes reading. I hear lots of talk about 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' but never read it. I have been trying to get 'Messenger' subscribers around here. I will try and try till I succeed. Isn't that right ? I never saw any letters from Ponoka yet. I wish the Sunday-school took this paper, it would be useful to it.

BERTHA MAY VICTORIA. (aged 13.)

Norwood.

Dear Editor,—I feel very sorry for the girl whose name was in the Correspondence, who said she had no father or mother, or any of the family living. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, and I think we could not do without it, for we are always anxious to get it every week.

JENNIE.

Swanton Junction, Vt.

Dear Editor,—I saw in my sister Susie's paper called the 'Northern Messenger' the 'Find-the-Place-Almanac.' My mamma gave me a new Bible for Christmas, so I set to work looking for them at once. I send you the number of the chapter and verse, I found them in.

DONALD GUY McIVOR. (aged 9.)

Glen Roberston.

Dear Editor,—I wish you would please put my name on the Roll of Bible Searchers, as I have enclosed all the texts up to this time. It is very interesting looking up the texts, and I enjoy it very much. My father is a physician. I have two sisters and one brother. We all like to read the 'Messenger.' We read 'Black Rock' together, and we like it very much. I like the 'Witness' too; especially the Boys' Page. We don't go to Sunday-school because there isn't any near us.

CLIFTON K.

Bangor.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and the Bighead River runs across our place. It is not very deep, and we can bathe and fish in it.

H. T. W.

Great Village, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and mamma takes the 'Witness.' I love to read the letters from the other children. It makes me feel as if I am acquainted with them. I have a dear little brother four years old. His name is Allison. I have a big brother in Brandon, and a cousin in the war in South Africa. I belong to the Band of Hope. We children assisted the Sons of Temperance in an entertainment. We had music and recitations. I go to school. I have a lovely teacher. Her name is Miss Mary Putnam.

MILDRED MacD. (aged 9.)

Stella.

Dear Editor.—There are two post offices on Amherst Island, Stella and Emerald. I live in the village of Stella. In winter there is very good skating here, and in summer the water is good for swimming, both of which I like very much. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth class. We have built steps up the bank at school, for carrying water up to the school.

ROD NEILSON (aged 10.)

Perm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen a lot of letters in the 'Messenger' from little boys and girls from all parts of the world, I thought I would write also. I live at Perm, and my father keeps the post office. He also drives the stage to Everett every day, but Sunday. I have two sisters and one brother. My little brother is two years old, and is just beginning to talk. He says some cute sayings. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and sometimes I go to church, but I often have to stay at home to keep house.

MILLIE M. (aged 12.)

Fulton's Mills.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at Sabbath School. I have three brothers and no sisters. We all go to school. We live on a farm. I think the correspondence editor sent a very nice Christmas greeting to the children. I like the part where he tells of the Christmas gift we got so many years ago, when our Saviour was born at Bethlehem, and I hope we will all make room for Him in our hearts.

ANNIE FLORENCE M. (aged 10.)

Grand Metis.

Dear Editor,—We live far from the school, so we have lessons at home. Our teacher takes the 'Northern Messenger.' I have a dog called Barnie, two cats and two kittens. There was a schooner getting built here sixty-one feet long, only a step from our door on Lord Mount Stephens's property. The river here belongs to him, and his friends come to fish salmon in the summer. They caught one last summer and lost a lot.

EARL C.

Owatonno, Minn., U.S.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I go to school every day. We used to live in Cokato.

AMY A.

Forest, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. I have three sisters and two brothers. We live two miles from Lake Valley Grove, a beautiful summer resort on the shore of Lake Huron, and three miles from the town of Forest, which is our post office, in Lambton County, Ontario. My sister Ivy (aged thirteen) would like to correspond with 'Gertie Jones, of Napanee, aged thirteen, and I with Lena, C., aged eleven, from Lower Millstream, if they would write first.

MABELLE FRASER (aged 10.)

Long Island, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for me for two years, and I like it very much. My papa is dead; and we have lived alone for over three years, but we don't live alone now. We have the school teacher boarding with us. She is a nice Christian girl. She has started a little Sunday-school, and the Sunday-school has started a Bible-class. Mamma and I love Jesus, and try to do all the good we can. I am happy.

FLORENCE T. P.

Letters Received.

Russel B., Percy M., Reginald S., Bessie Hanna, Jessie Hoose, Florence E. M., Gertrude Pettit, Olive L., Winifred E. Argue, J. C. H., Elsie May, Katie M., Roselyn M., Bruce M., Groce Brown G. A., Fred Adams, Kathleeen, Elsie E. Blackmore, W. G. F., H. Williamson, A. Forman, Maggie Teel, Robert W. M., Anna E. S., G. Arnason, Alice W., Irene Werry, Stella C., Gracie Smith, Jessie L., May Williams, Meda H., Ella Stevenson, Ada Sim, J. Donald G., May A. Young, Elgin Gray, Russel K., Lilian G., Ethel May Humphrey, Manly Weller, Eva Gaskerson, M. Youre, Harry M. F., Lee Estey, Robbie Leard, Jack, George M. B., Lily S., Edith Lee, Clara Thompson, Goldie Bailey.

HOUSEHOLD.

Talking With Jesus.

(Helena H. Thomas, 'Michigan Advocate.')

'If we could talk with our Lord, as did his disciples of old, we would never be unmindful of his teachings.'

'I am not so sure of that,' said the friend who walked with the speaker and discussed with her the topic of the weekly prayer-meeting, 'we might follow him "afar off," as did one who had often looked into the face divine, and heard the pearls of wisdom as they fell from the Master's lips.'

'But I do know,' continued she, as no comment was made, 'that it is even now our sweet privilege to talk with Jesus daily, hourly. My precious mother gave evidence of this from my earliest recollections to her dying breath.'

'Tell me about her,' was the pleading request of the one who added, 'for I, too, am following my Lord "afar off," and I long to draw so near that I may lean upon his breast.'

'I rarely attempt to bring to view my sainted mother's life,' was the low answer, 'because I realize that one who never came into it cannot be made to comprehend how literally she talked with Jesus.

'Mother was bereft of her husband when she was comparatively a young woman. She was left with six children and but a trifling income, consequently, her path was a trying one. As I was the youngest child, I did not fully realize the situation; but I well recall how, when the larder was well-nigh empty, or I heard it whispered that the rent was overdue, mother would go to her room and remain a long time, and that when, in childish fashion, I would ask what made her look so happy, she would draw me to her and whisper:

'"My child, I have been talking with Jesus."

'Then, with face aglow, she would turn to the older children, who realized the need, and, with a ring of triumph in her tone, say:

'"The Lord will supply our every need, dear children. He has promised to be the widow's God and a father to the orphan, and he will be true to his word. Let us never, never doubt his loving care."

'Mother's trials were many and varied, but she kept sweet through them all, because of those little talks with Jesus. She aimed to bury her sorrows, as far as possible because, as she used to say, "Every heart has an ache that needs a poultice of sympathy, so I will just go to the Comforter with what troubles me, and then I will be strong to comfort others."'

'One after another her children slipped away until I alone remained, and to me was given the joy of making her last years carefree. She had led so active a life that during the years when she was unable to work, she was often asked if time did not hang heavy, but she would always answer, in sweetest tone:

'"Oh! no; for Jesus is ever near for me to talk with."'

'During the last three years of her earthly life, my mother was almost helpless, and much of the time her sufferings were great; but she always wore a patient smile, and when not able to converse, she would point upward, when friends would express wonder at her submission.

'Her mind was unclouded to the last. She loved to see her friends, yet it was evident that she preferred to be alone. Those who did not understand the why of this would sometimes ask if she did not find it lonely when left alone, but she would quickly put to flight all sympathy by answering:

'"Lonely! how can I be when I have Jesus to talk with?"'

'The summons came unexpectedly, at the last. I slept in a room next to mother's where the faintest call could reach me. I was so accustomed to hearing her "little talks" that I usually left them uninterupted; but that night I wanted to be with her, and three times, when the low, sweet voice was heard, I went to her, but each time she said:

'"Go right back to bed, dear; I am just having a little talk with Jesus."'

'But in the grey of the morning we found that the dear mother's spirit had taken its flight. We would not have recalled her if to us had been given the power, however, for on the sweet face was left the impress of her joy at seeing the King in his beauty.'

Plum Pudding and Winter Cake.

'Come right in,' said Mrs. Somers, as on opening the side door, in answer to a gentle rap, she found her next door neighbor.

'Oh, I cannot stay, I'm too busy this morning,' said the caller, when, on entering, Mrs. Somers offered her an easy chair. 'I just ran over to see if you will be kind enough to give me the receipt of that plum pudding you sent us a sample of the other day.'

'Certainly I will, with pleasure. Your husband liked it, then?'

'I should think he did!' exclaimed she. 'He thinks that plum puddings, as a rule, are too rich for him, but he said that he could eat your kind every day, and not be any the worse for it.'

'That is the very reason I have always liked this pudding, though it is rich enough to be nice, it will not hurt any one. Excuse me a moment,' said Mrs. Somers, 'and I will get the receipt. I cannot carry them in my head, as some do.' When she returned she read the following, which her neighbor jotted down for future use:

'Plum pudding—One heaping cup of rolled bread crumbs, two cups of flour, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of best molasses, one cup of sweet milk, one cup of suet chopped fine, one tablespoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cloves and one of cinnamon. Mix all these ingredients together, put into the molds, and set them in a kettle of boiling water for two and one half hours. Have the water come a little more than half way to the top of the molds, adding more as it boils away, and it must be kept boiling and tightly covered.' As Mrs. Somers ended, the neighbor queried:

'What do you use for molds, to make such dainty, round slices?'

'Oh, I use one pound baking powder cans, and this receipt fills three when cooked. This number will just go nicely into an ordinary kettle. I always put something into the bottom to set them on, and fasten them together with a cord, as the boiling of the water is apt to tip them.'

'What kind of sauce do you make for your pudding?'

'I have several kinds, but the one that was given me with the pudding receipt is lemon sauce. Take one cup of sugar, one egg, the juice and rind of one lemon, one tablespoonful of corn starch, a little butter, and one half pint of boiling water. But when I do not happen to have a lemon, I make a "Vinegar Sauce," as follows: One cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful vinegar, one tablespoonful of flour. Season with nutmeg. Beat all together, and pour over it one cup of boiling water, and let boil a few minutes.'

'Thank you so much,' said the neighbor, as she folded her paper and rose to leave. 'I am so glad to get such a good receipt, for I think a nice plum pudding is so handy to have in the house in case unexpected company comes to dinner.'

'Yes, you're right, and being in the little cans it is so easily heated, by setting for a while in boiling water. I always cook my corn bread in baking powder cans, too, and I find it so much nicer than in one large loaf.'

'Well, that is an idea worth knowing; but I must hurry home if I am to surprise Frank with a nice plum pudding for dinner.'

Hardly had she gone before a 'back-door neighbor' entered. Being an old schoolmate she was privileged more than others.

'Making fruit-cake, Agnes?' she began as she saw Mrs. Somers busily stoning raisins.

'I rather think not!' was the emphatic reply. 'When eggs are thirty cents a dozen, I never indulge in the luxury of fruit cake, or angel's food, either, but I'm making a cake that I like nearly as well as fruit cake, and there isn't but one egg in it, that's my limit while the hens are on a strike.'

'Well,' said the friend, as she helped herself to some raisins, 'I wish you'd give me this wonderful receipt, for I cannot afford to use any more eggs than you can, and I'll have to make some kind of cake to-morrow.'

'The receipt is right before you, in that book. You can write it off, but I'll give you a sample of mine for your luncheon, and then you can decide in regard to using it.'

'I'll take your word for it, and make sure of the receipt,' taking the paper and pencil offered her and copying the following: 'Eagle Cake—One cup of brown sugar, one half cupful of butter, scant, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of chopped raisins, two cupfuls of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, one half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of cloves, half a nutmeg. Bake slowly.'

'I believe that will be good, and it makes me hungry just to read it over,' exclaimed the young housewife, as she finished copying the receipt.

'I wish I had a piece to offer you, but, as you see, mine is hardly in a palatable condition. Come over again in a couple of hours and you shall have a slice.'—Laura E. Hutchinson, in New York 'Observer.'

Useful Hints.

To remove egg-stains from silver, rub gently with a damp cloth sprinkled with fine salt. Salt on the hands will prevent fowls and fish from slipping during the process of dressing. Salt dissolved in alcohol or ammonia will remove grease.

Damp brooms streak and ruin a carpet; but damp tea leaves sprinkled about and swept up, collect the dust and do not damage.

A round whisk broom of the finest and best broom corn is, says an old housekeeper, the cleanest and best of dishwashers. It is never musty, being easily cleaned by holding under the spigot and running hot water through it.

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